

REMINISCENCES

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Notes on "A Trip to Duxbury, Mass." In Thirty Years at Sea, George Barrell, Family Edition, Springfield, Ill. H.W. Rokker, Printer and Binder, 1890.

The greater part of the information upon which these notes were made was obtained from the writer's cousins, Ella and Jenny Chandler, lifelong residents of Duxbury, residing at the homestead, St. George St. Ella was born Nov. 20 1848 and Jennie March 6, 1857.

The Hoyt house was formerly occupied by Dr. Allyn a famous Unitarian Preacher who was pastor for many years. His wife was very aristocratic while he was far from being so. She used to be very mortified at times by things Dr. Allyn did.

The brook referred to on page 201 is Hound's Ditch. In the very early records it was frequently used for a boundary line. My grandfather was a very devout Unitarian and used to boast that he had never missed a Sunday in fifty years. When he told this to old Mr. Moore the minister expecting praise for such a record, he was quite cast down when the old minister said "how much is due to habit."

When my grandfather drove his horse, old Bill, to church in the summer time he used to encourage him by telling him there would be no more greenheads after he had passed Hound's ditch. Formerly the horses drove through the brook as it passed over the road. This was a great delight to me as a boy. Always when the weather was warm the horse was allowed his head for a short drink, not too much if he was very warm. Now the brook runs under the road towards the Wright dike.

After passing over the R.R. track there formerly stood an old house at the site of the second house on the right hand side, a gambrel roof house belonging to the Southwards. My Aunt Abigail Soule Chandler who lived to be 95 and died in 1913 remembered the peat fires in this house the peat having been taken from the Major's swamp almost opposite the house.

Uncle Josiah's ^{Josiah's} name was Samuel. Josiah lived with my great-grandfather his grandfather on the point. He was a great card player, Euchre, but wouldn't play Saturday nights. The cards would be placed in a draw and not taken out until Monday morning. Josiah married his cousin my father's sister and was Town Clerk of Duxbury for many years.

Freeman Soule's house was on Tremont Street north of Harrison. He was an old Sea Captain and had two sons and three daughters. Sarah Mack's house was just on the northeast corner of Alden Street as it comes from Tremont. She was buried in the Mayflower cemetery near the Weston lot and her tombstone was put up between the Westons who had gone to school with her.

Jessie Weston - Mrs Capt. (Rev.) Edward -

Sarah Mack's budget was edited by Mrs. Ann Porter (John) for the cemetery fair. Amongst the property she bequeathed, was a famous red cloak which was given to one of the Smith family.

When Uncle Hiram was a boy he and his father were driving oxen in a woods road and Sarah Mack came out suddenly from another road with the cloak on and frightened the oxen. She said on the spur of the moment, "Captain Chandler, I didn't mean to frighten your cattle and make their chains rattle."

Paper was not common in Sarah Mack's day. My Aunt Abigail said they used to save the brown paper and carry it to her so that she could write her rhymes on it.

One stormy night Dr. Allyn worried about Sarah and went over to her hut to see if she was all right. He looked in the window and by the light of a single candle saw Sarah on her knees praying for the sailors at sea.

This Dr. Allyn was a very peculiar Minister and many stories are told of him. One of them was that he claimed his wife was aristocratic. This may or may not be true. At any rate, it is said that when she took the old chaise to go calling, he pinned a paper on the back of it which read, "she calls only on the rich."

Another story is that he walked up the aisle of the church holding up his fingers of his gloves which had holes in them saying in a sad tone, "Oh Abigail, Oh Abigail!"